



A SPECIAL TREAT!



DENNIS The MENACE

No. 37

10c

DOUBLE FEATURE

DENNIS VS
THE U.S. ARMY!

DENNIS IN
A GHOST TOWN!

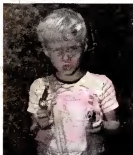


The Cookie Jar

INSIDE STORIES OF DENNIS THE MENACE

DENNIS ON TV!

WEEKLY SHOW STARTS THIS FALL ON C.B.S.
KELLOGG'S CEREALS SPONSORS FOR \$5,000,000.
YOUNG TV ACTOR JAY NORTH WINS TITLE ROLE



Jay North, television Dennis,
"aims" to be seeing you!

In one of the biggest orders of the year, Kellogg officials bought the "Dennis the Menace" TV series after seeing only one film!

The weekly series will star Jay North as Dennis, Gloria Henry as his Mom, and Henry Anderson as his Dad. All your favorite "Dennis the Menace" characters—even Ruff!—will appear in all-new series.

Young Actor Jay North Wins Title Role

The search for the boy to play Dennis took many months. Hundreds of applicants were interviewed and tested in cities all across the country.

The youngster selected had to have not only acting ability; he had to be able to carry the responsibility of being the center of attraction of a program that would be seen by millions of people week after week.

Young Jay North was finally chosen as the lad who filled the bill.

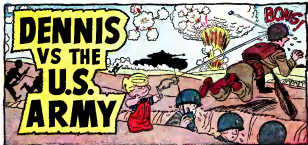
Jay has always wanted to be an actor. He has appeared on the Dinah Shore Show, the George Gobel-Eddie Fisher Show, Family Films, and Art Linkletter's House Party.

Besides acting, Jay's other ambition is to own a zoo. Since he lives in a small apartment in Hollywood, his only pets are several turtles, some goldfish, and a hamster — but he does own a "half-interest" in his uncle's dog!

Is Jay really like Dennis? Well, one time he prepared dinner for his mother—a mixture of raw hamburger, raw fruit, and ice cream! He's a Dennis, all right!

**WATCH FOR DENNIS
ON YOUR C.B.S. STATION
THIS FALL**

**MORE ABOUT THE
TV SHOW ON
INSIDE BACK COVER**

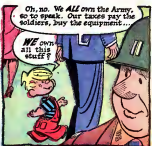


DENNIS VS THE U.S. ARMY









SPECIAL SERVICES
SPEED DIVISION
MEMBERSHIP WITH
MILEAGE

COME BACK
WITH THAT
STUFF!



ZIP
ZIP



BOOM!

ZIP

ZIP

ZIP



ZIP

ZIP

ZIP

YOW!

THINK
IMAGINE
TRAVEL
AROUND
THE WORLD



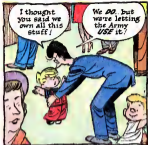
ZIP

BOO!!

EEEK!



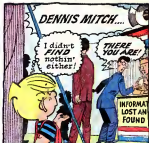
HEY!

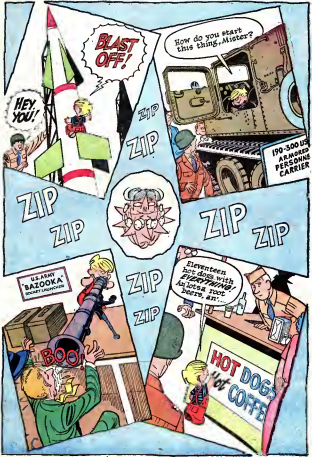


MARS means MILITARY AFFILIATED RADIO SYSTEM. We deliver messages from soldiers to their folks... anywhere in the world... free.



AFTER TALKING AT LENGTH WITH GRANDMA, DENNIS IS USHERED OUTSIDE, AND....





BLAST OFF!

HEY, YOU!

How do you start this thing, Mister?

190-300 US
ARMORED
PERSONNEL
CARRIER

ZIP

ZIP

ZIP

ZIP



ZIP

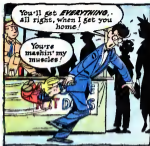
ZIP

U.S. ARMY
'BAZOOKA'
ROCKET LAUNCHER

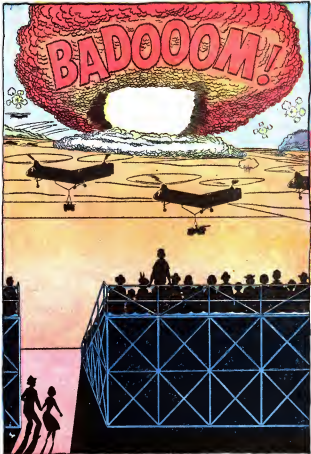
Eleventeen
hot dogs with
EVERYTHING!
A lota root
beers, an...

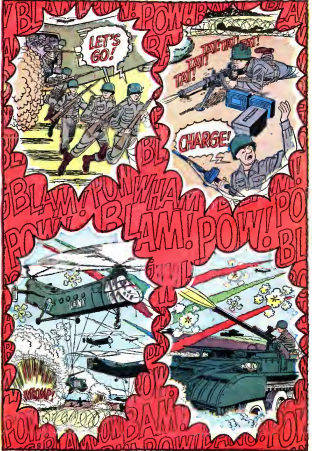
HOT DOGS
Hot COFFEE

BOO!



BADOOOM!!



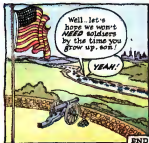
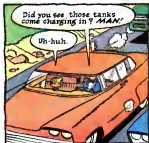
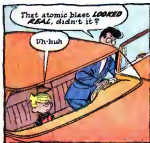
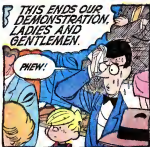


LET'S GO!

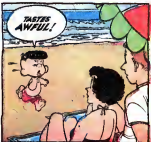
TAIT!
TAIT!

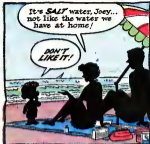
CHARGE!





Joey







BEAUTIFUL!

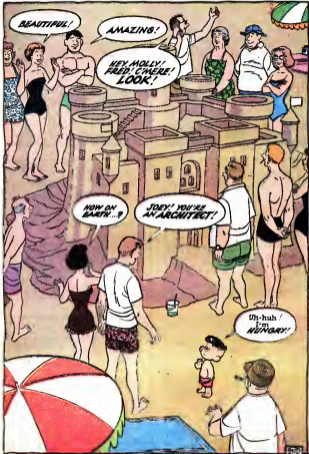
AMAZING!

HEY, MOLLY!
FRED! EMERIE!
LOOK!

HOW ON
EARTH...?

JOEY! YOU'RE
AN ARCHITECT!

Wh-huh!
I'm
HUNGRY!



The INVISIBLE PAPERS

JIMMY SIMPSON had just got to the most exciting part of the story when the book was jerked from his hands and tossed into the fireplace. He looked up, startled, into the angry face of his father.

"I've been talking to you for five minutes, and you haven't heard a word!" Mr. Simpson said sternly.

"Gosh, I'm sorry, Dad! I was so interested in a story. . . ."

"That's just the trouble! All you think about are those trashy mystery stories, instead of taking an interest in the farm!"

"But this book is by Edgar Allan Poe, Dad. We study him in school!"

As his father's stern face relaxed, Jimmy dug the book out of the newspapers and old letters in the fireplace, where they were discarded for burning. He didn't think he'd better tell his Dad that Poe was the writer who had invented the detective stories his Dad thought such a waste of time. When Jimmy had put the book on his stack of books near the telephone, Mr. Simpson told him:—

"I was just telling you and your mother that I'm making the last payment on the farm today. It's all over, son — and some day it will be yours!"

"Gee, that's great, Dad!" Jimmy tried to sound excited, but he couldn't help it — he just didn't like farming. He wanted to be a writer when he grew up, and write exciting stories just like the ones he liked so much to read.

"Come on, son, you can come down to the bank and see me get the papers on the farm — your farm!"

As they drove down the driveway past the orchard and onto the county road, Jimmy



wished his father could understand that when he was reading, he was really studying how the stories were written. But all his father talked or read about were crops and fertilizers and feed.

In the bank, they went into the office of Mr. Barnes, a short, fat, jovial man. It seemed that he ran all the farm part of the bank's business, and there were rows and rows of big books and boxes filling the shelves of his office. Jimmy sat in a big chair with his cap in his hands, and his father took a thick packet of bills from his wallet and dropped them on Mr. Barnes' desk.

"There it is — the last payment on the farm!" he said proudly.

"And in cash again, I see. Don't trust banks — eh, Simpson?" Mr. Barnes chuckled as he counted the money. "This is fine — fine. We'll mail you the papers in the morning."

Jimmy saw his Dad's jaw tighten. "I'll take them right now!" he said. "I don't want them getting lost in the mail!"



"Get lost, just from here to your house?" Then the banker saw the look in Mr. Simpson's eye and laughed nervously. "Of course you can have them now. It's just that I'm very busy, and I thought. . . ."

As Mr. Barnes looked through papers in one of his files, Jimmy wondered. It seemed strange that he didn't have time to get his Dad's papers, right there in his office. And he seemed upset about something. But when he handed over the long envelope, he was smiling broadly again. "Here you are, and congratulations!"

In the corridor, Jimmy stopped suddenly. "Gee, Dad, I forgot my cap!"

"All right, son—I'll meet you in the car. I have to get something next door."

Jimmy went back for his cap, and had his hand on the doorknob of Mr. Barnes' office when he froze. Inside, the banker was talking on the phone, and his voice was shrill with fright. As he listened, Jimmy forgot all about his cap.

When he came running out of the bank, his father was sitting in the car with the motor running. "Let's go, boy — time to feed the chickens."

"But, Dad! I just heard Mr. Barnes on the phone. He was talking to somebody named Rocky. He's been gambling with Rocky, with the money you've been paying on the farm, and now that you have the papers the bank will find out about it!"

"Uh-huh," his Dad grunted. "What book did you read that in?"

"It's true, Dad!" Jimmy cried, as his Dad drove on. "I just heard it! And Rocky is going

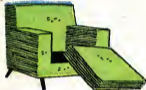
to send out two men — gangsters — with Mr. Barnes this afternoon to take your papers away from you!"

"Listen, son, that's a pack of nonsense!" his father snapped. "Barnes has been with the bank for twenty years. He'd no more gamble with the bank's money than . . . than fly to the moon!"

Try as he would, Jimmy couldn't convince his father, and when they got home even his mother scolded him for his story. All afternoon, as he helped his father with the chores, Jimmy looked at every car that passed in front of the farm.

Then, when they were washing up for dinner, it happened. He heard a car stop outside, and rushed to the window. Mr. Barnes and two hard-faced men were getting out of the car. "It's them, Dad! Mr. Barnes and the two gangsters — just like I told you! We've gotta hide those papers!"

"Wait a minute," his father began. But Jimmy was already rummaging in the desk



where his father kept the receipt slips from the bank and where he had put the farm papers. He found them in a big envelope just as a heavy knocking began at the door. His father, seeing what he was doing with the papers, started to protest, then opened the door to stop the banging. The two men entered, followed by Mr. Barnes, no longer jovial and smiling, his little eyes sharp and dangerous.

"Scary, Simpson, but I have to have those papers," he said curtly. "Hand them over, or we'll take your place apart!"

"Then it's true, what Jimmy said — you've gambled my money away!" Mr. Simpson's face set. "Well, you'll never get away with this! I'll tell the police — the bank. You're ruined!"

The banker chuckled harshly. "The police won't believe you, and the records on the farm are in my office — all but the title papers. All right, boys — find them!"

Swiftly, relentlessly, the two thugs went to work. Jimmy's mother, huddled in his father's arms, watched in anguish as the men spilled papers from the desk, tossed cushions from the chairs, threw down Jimmy's books. Then they moved to the kitchen, where Jimmy could hear them hauling out pots and pans and groceries. Then they tramped upstairs, and Jimmy moved toward his scattered books. He was piling them in their place by the telephone when Mr. Barnes spotted him.

"Keep away from that phone, boy!" he warned.

"I'm just fixing my books," Jimmy said. Then

he gulped down his fear and went on. "You're never gonna find those papers, Mr. Barnes. And even if you do, the farm will still belong to Dad!"

The little banker gripped him by the arm so hard Jimmy almost cried. "If you know where those papers are, you'd better talk!" he grated.

"I won't! I don't care if you gambled all our money away! You can't take away our farm!"

"Oh, no? Listen, boy, I'm mixed up with Rocky Ricardo — ever hear of him? I've lost money to him, but he'll protect me. If I don't get those papers, he'll send out some men one night and burn down every building on this place — then where will your farm be?"

Jimmy's Dad could stand it no longer. He grabbed the banker by the shoulder and swung him around. "Leave my boy alone! If I'd listened to him this morning you'd be in jail by now. And that's where you'll land anyway!"

One of the two men coming down the stairs scouted up to Mr. Simpson. "Take it easy, farmer! You're talking to a pal of Rocky's, and Rocky takes care of his pals." He turned to the banker. "Can't find the papers anywhere in the house. He must have hidden them outside somewhere."

The banker frowned worriedly. "But there's the barn to search, the chicken houses — they might even be buried somewhere on the 20 acres. He never kept anything at the bank, always paid cash, said he didn't trust banks."

"And I don't blame him! Up with your hands!" And in the front door walked the chief of police, his gun leveled, as two more officers came in the kitchen door. "The telephone operator heard everything, and gave us the word. Okay, men, take Barnes and his pals to the station!"

When the men were led away, Jimmy's father and mother sank on the sofa, limp with relief. "I don't understand," Mr. Simpson said. "We didn't telephone — we couldn't!"

"You we did, Dad! Look!" And Jimmy lifted the telephone. Then they saw that from the stack of books behind it, one thin book protruded underneath the receiver, just enough to raise it off the book, but not enough to be noticed at a glance. "I hoped the operator would hear me and Mr. Barnes talking, and she did!"

"Nice going, Jimmy!" the chief grinned. "I'm glad we got here before Barnes got those papers. He must have a system at the bank that's almost foolproof, if the papers were all he needed to fool the examiners. But you must have hidden them well. Where are they — outside?"

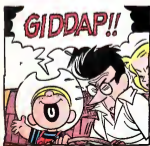
"No," Jimmy laughed. "I made them invisible by leaving them right out in the open, where nobody would ever think of looking!" He ran to the fireplace and from the decorated paper trash pulled out an envelope almost torn in two. It's an old letter. Inside were all the bank papers.

"I was just reading about this trick in a story by Edgar Allan Poe today," he told the surprised chief.

"I give up, son," his father grinned. "From now on, you can read those darned mystery stories all day if you want to!"

The End







RED DOG HOTEL

HOME'S BEST GOODS

HATS

How about this, son?

Gee! I feel like I'm right IN television!

OLD WEST GHOST TOWN

STAGE COACH
RIDE 25¢

YIPPEE!

HOORAY!

LET'S GO!

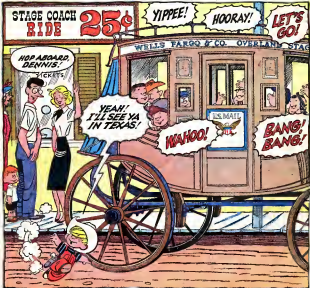
HOP ABOARD,
DENNIS!

TICKETS

YEAH!
I'LL SEE YA
IN TEXAS!

WAAHOO!

BANG!
BANG!



HUP!
HO! HAH!

You s'pose
we'll run
into any
Injuns?

Well,
we
just
might!



C'mon,
you
guys!

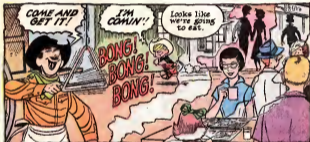
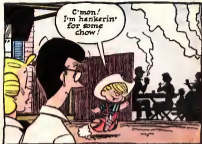
NO-RUN!
Here we go
again!

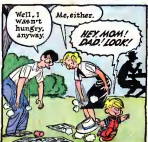
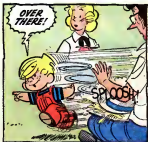
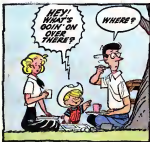
Well, it
bees
workin'!

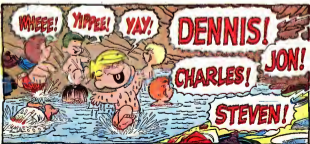
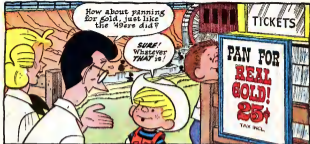


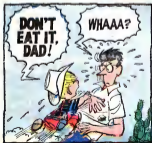
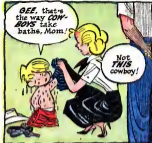


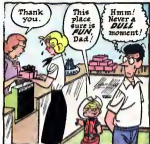


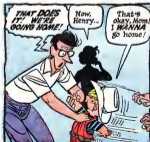
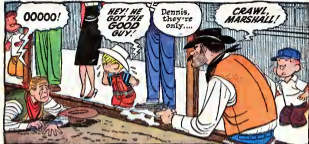












The Cookie Jar

INSIDE STORIES OF DENNIS THE MENACE

HERE ARE DENNIS' TV MOM 'N DAD



Gloria Henry and Herbert Anderson

MORE "COOKIE JARS" COMING!

This is the first issue of "The Cookie Jar—Inside Stories Of Dennis The Menace." In future issues, we will be bringing you more inside information of the Dennis TV show, the people in it and the people who make it. Also, "The Cookie Jar" will tell you all about new Dennis toys and books, news of Dennis Fan Clubs, and other exciting events. See your next issue!

Gloria Henry and Herbert Anderson will play Dennis' Mom and Dad in the weekly "Dennis the Menace" series which will start in September on the CBS network. Both are experienced television, movie, and stage actors.

Gloria Henry was born in New Orleans, and brought up and educated in Worcester, Mass. She has made 20 movies for Columbia Pictures, and is now working for them again in their Screen Gems television unit.

On television, she has appeared in "My Little Margie", "Mr. and Mrs. North", "Fireside Theatre", "Broken Arrows", and Screen Gems' "Father Knows Best". She is married to an architect, Craig Ellwood, and they have a boy, 6, and a girl, 3.

Herbert Anderson was born and educated in Oakland, Calif. He, too, has been in the movies, and in Broadway plays. He has appeared in such television programs as "Eve Arden", "Studio One", "Playhouse 90", "Charm", "Suspicion", "Perry Mason", and Screen Gems' "Father Knows Best". He is married and has a daughter, 12, and a son, 11.

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ON YOUR C.B.S. STATION
THIS FALL**

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| <input type="checkbox"/> IN THIS CORNER . . . DENNIS THE MENACE \$1.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> MORE DENNIS THE MENACE \$1.00 |

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